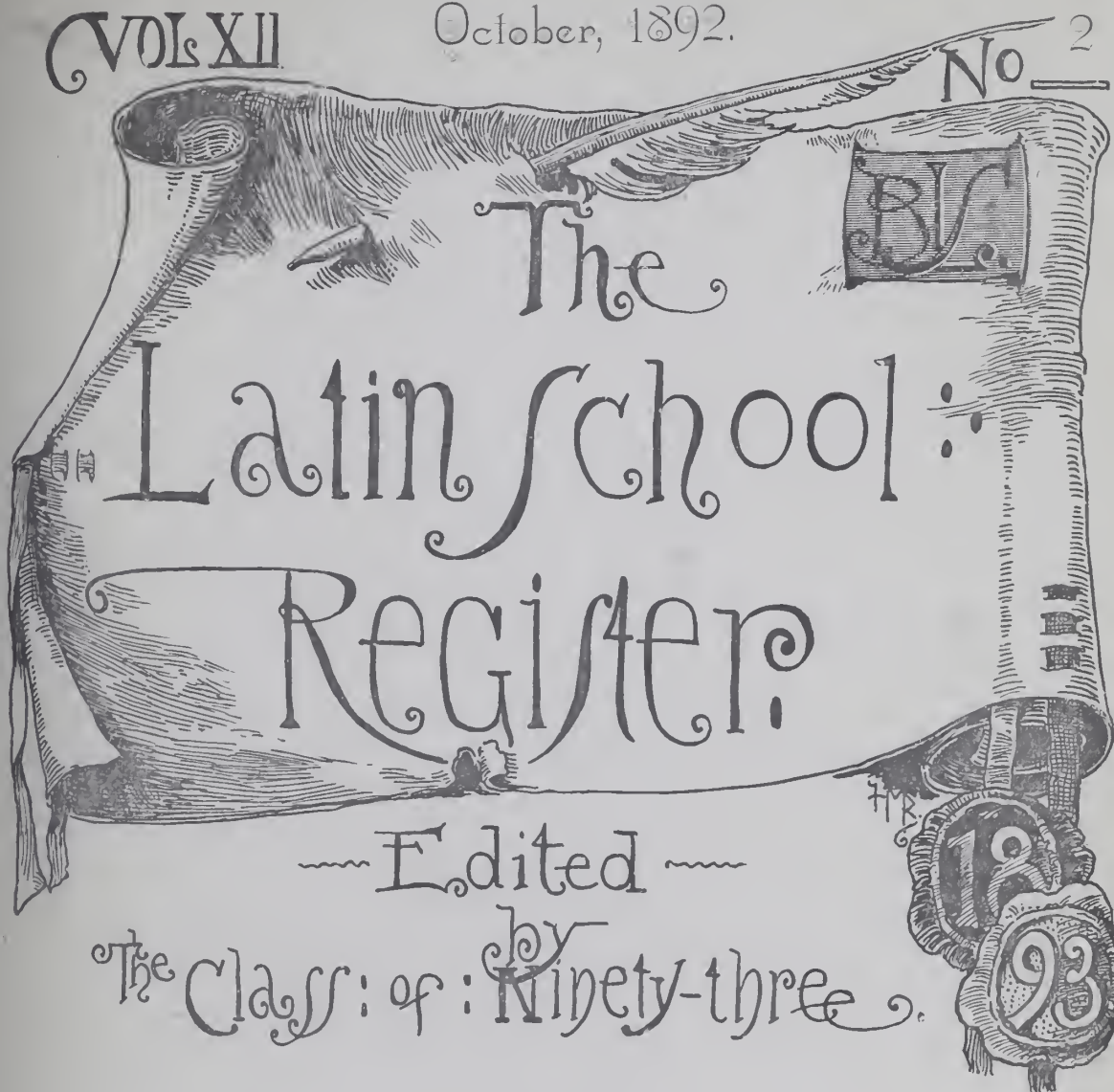


VOL. XII

October, 1892.

No. 2



The Latin School : Register.

— Edited —
by
The Class: of: Ninety-three.

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S. J. McDONALD

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. XII.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 2.

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EDITOR'S DESK.

(*Advertiser*, Oct. 11, 1892.)

VINEYARD HAVEN, Oct. 13.—The gas buoy at the sunken steam yacht *Alva* has been run into and badly damaged.

(*Advertiser*, Oct. 15, 1892.)

CHATHAM, Oct. 14.—Schr. *Frank Leaming* of Phila. . . . collided with sunken yacht *Alva* at 4 o'clock this morning, knocking out two of the *Alva's* masts and damaging the schr.'s sails, rigging, etc. She reports that the gas light buoy was not burning during the night.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER floats like a buoy in the midst of the sea of doubts and perplexities that are incident to school-boy life. By its side rest the interests of the school, which must not be harmed by any wandering cruiser. We hope that our buoy will not be run down in the darkness and put *hors de combat*; for, if it should, see what a general ruin would take place! The paper, disguised as a buoy, is left disabled. The interests of the school, in the shape of the steam-yacht *Alva*, are deprived of valuable parts: while the unconscious agent of this destruction, the schooner *Frank Leaming*, is badly damaged.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Let all Latin School boys take this maxim to heart and all join in keeping the buoy in the highest state of repair. The mooring-chain may be strengthened by the sending in of subscriptions, while the buoy itself may be kept in condition by the contribution of arti-

cles, nicely dressed and written on one side only of the paper.

IT is with pleasure that we record the introduction of GERMAN into the Latin School course. The need was long felt of teaching this language in our school, and in 1874 Prof. George Adam Schmitt was appointed German instructor. But in 1878 this course was given up for one reason or another. It was not until last spring that the plan was revived. At that time many pupils signified their intention of joining a German class, if such a one were formed. But late in September it was found that no class could be formed unless one other study should be omitted. Advanced Latin was therefore dropped by those who wished to take German at all hazards. So now the German class is actively prosecuting its studies under the direction of Mr. Richardson.

We hope that in the near future it will be made possible for pupils in the lower classes also to take German. As hinted in the last number, we think that such a departure on the part of the Latin School would have an unexampled influence on its growth. For, if a pupil felt that by going through the Latin School he could get a firm foundation in French and German, as well as become proficient in the classics, that school would be at once his choice.

A CLASS in ADVANCED FRENCH also is being conducted by Mr. Capen. This class, like that in German, is for members of the first class only and, unlike that in German, interferes with no other study, being an extra study. We hope that this class will be continued in the future, for it is not only a profitable class in itself, but leaves its students prepared to carry on their work in college into higher departments. To meet with Harvard's requirements of ability to translate good French prose, the class is reading Mérimée's interesting novel of "Colomba." Later on it will read the French "classics," La Fontaine, Molière, Racine and Corneille.

ASCENT OF MT. WASHINGTON.

AT THE foot of Mt. Washington in a picturesque glen is the famous hotel, the Glen House. From this house a carriage road has been built, which leads directly to the summit, and is kept in repair at an immense outlay. Notwithstanding this fact, adventurous spirits prefer to clamber over the rocks and make the ascent on foot.

Though many have gone in safety, yet there have been numerous mountain tragedies. Perhaps some of you remember Sewell Faunce of Boston, fifteen years old, who was killed at Tuckerman's Ravine in July, 1886, by the falling of the iron arch. And still another, Ewald Weiss of New Haven, a native of Germany, and a noted violinist, left the Summit House Aug. 24, 1890, for a walk; and since that time has not been heard of.

On the sixth of September, 1892, a Framingham boy, tempted by the glorious sunshine, and the desire to ascend to the top of Mt. Washington, foolishly resolved to make the trip alone. He thus relates his experience:

Leaving the Glen House at eight o'clock in the morning I started up the carriage road. Up, up rose the path, until from a slight eminence I could see Tuckerman's Ravine. Thence the path descended quickly through a low valley for half a mile, then up over rocks upon rocks till the sight of the placid waters of Hermit Lake rewarded me for my toil. Ahead appeared various ravines.

The sign-post said, "Up the Ravine," but how to climb those lofty rocks seemed an unanswerable question. Mr. Raymond of the Appalachian Club has made a rough pathway; following this for two miles I came to the path which leads to Tuckerman's Ravine. Stopping to drink from the little brook which flows near

by, I then followed the path through the woods. Half afraid of meeting the bear which had been seen near the Glen a number of times, I hastened along, till through an opening in the woods I looked below and saw the Glen with its glorious background, the Carter Ridge. I could have lingered long to gaze upon the beautiful view, but as only a small part of the four-mile journey through the dark woods had been accomplished, I hurried on, but began to find that the guide spots of white paint, beaten by the wind and rain, were nearly effaced, and so resembled bits of quartz that the traveller is easily misled.

Following the path up the cliff, I began to be aware of the force with which the wind blew in this region, and I had to cling fast to the rocks, or be dashed against them.

Now the clouds which had been hanging over the top of the Mount, lowered and wrapped me in their dark folds, and the guide marks became fainter and fainter; ere long I missed them and realized that I was lost. At the same time, I began to appreciate the effect which height above the sea-level has on the atmosphere. My hands grew so numb that I could not take out my watch to see the time. I was so exhausted that I longed to lie down and rest somewhere out of the reach of those cruel winds; but delay I knew was death, so I determined to climb to the highest point I could find, and obtain a new outlook. Just then the clouds grew lighter for a moment, and far above me I saw a large white cross, which had recently been placed at that point. Now again the clouds darkened, but I had seen the cross and knew my way, and ere long reached the rock. From this place the marks are large and plain but the last mile was very toilsome over nothing but rocks, the wind blowing with great strength and in all directions at once, till I was forced to rest behind a pile of stones, which

had been heaped together near by, but only long enough to get strength to reach the carriage road, several rods from the Summit House.

Here was an old barn, into which I scrambled to rest; while the winds outside redoubled their fury as if they were afraid I should escape them.

Having regained my breath, I started out, determined to reach the summit, but on reaching the next barn two rods further on, I was only too glad to seek protection from the raging elements. From this place a long flight of steps goes up to the House: clinging to the railing, I soon reached the stage office and seated myself, with thankful heart, before the fire.

Thoroughly warmed, I roamed about the Tip Top House and the Signal Station. I then began my descent by the carriage road; a descent marked only by a snow flurry.

Arriving at the Glen, the sun burst forth in all its glory and lighted up the dark crags and clouds with an unearthly beauty, and almost made one forget the dangers overcome.

C. C. H. '93.

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COMPANY B.

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2nd Lieut., . . . C. S. Gifford.

COMPANY G.

1st Lieut., . . . P. A. H. van Dael.
2nd Lieut., . . . W. J. L. O'Brien.

WE CONGRATULATE the battalion upon its progress thus far this year. We think that it compares very favorably with that of previous years.

EVERY member has been given a copy of the "Standing Orders of the Regiment" and

each officer has received a pamphlet upon the new "Setting-up Exercises."

THE appointment of 1st Sergeants is as follows:

Co. A.—S. Robinson.
Co. B.—H. C. Ring.
Co. C.—H. M. Field.
Co. D.—J. M. Rogers.
Co. E.—J. W. Bail.
Co. F.—J. H. Deming.
Co. G.—F. D. Bosworth.
Co. H.—S. M. Pierce.

THE guns have now been assigned and we hope that in a short time the battalion will be in working order.

NOTES.

REPORTERS.

Room 1,—Chipman.
Room 2,—Parkhurst.
Room 3,—Austin.
Room 4,—Blake.
Room 5,—Temple.
Room 6,—Schriftgiesser.
Room 7,—Field.
Room 11,—Salles.
Room 13,—Urquhart.
Room 14,—Dole.
Room 15,—Stillings.
Room 16,—Rubenstein.
Room 17,—Williams.

THE Worcester *Standard*, among other bits of fraternal advice, suggests that a tinted cover would be of value to our paper. We have observed, however, that when, as in our case, the covers must be bound in, tinted covers mar the appearance of a bound volume.

IN THE list of Harvard Scholarships, we notice, as usual, a plentiful sprinkling of Latin School men. Their names and scholarships are as follows:

D. S. Muzzey, B. L. S. '89, Harvard '93, Class of 1856.

W. O. Farnsworth, B. L. S. '89, Harvard '93, Cudworth.

F. G. Jackson, B. L. S. '89, Harvard '93, Matthews.

G. C. Fiske, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Greenleaf.

M. M. Skinner, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Matthews.

J. M. Kagan, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Greenleaf.

J. R. Nichols, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Bowditch.

C. F. Malley, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Class of 1841.

D. J. Mulkeeney, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Lowell.

J. P. Fox, B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, Class of 1828.

E. L. Perry, B. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, Bowditch.

A. M. Pinkham, B. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, Bowditch.

Is not this a record to be proud of?

DURING G. A. R. week Mr. Jackson was away in Washington, commanding Post 8, Dorchester. In consequence the first class had no physics during the time. He was to have arrived Friday, Sept. 23, but the great crowds attendant upon this great occasion prevented his arrival even then.

THE first number of the *Tuftonian* has come to hand. We consider it a remarkably fine issue. The design is very neat. J. B. Groce, B. L. S. '89, Tufts '93, is on the staff of this paper.

MR. GROCE is prominent also in the Tufts Republican Club, being its organizer and secretary. He has been selected to speak for it at Republican rallies.

THE following parody on the first two verses of Gray's familiar poem were written by an ex-member of the school. We think it quite good.

The school-bell tolls the knell of parting play,
The yelling crowd wind slowly from their glee,
The teacher room-ward plods his marky way,
And leaves the world to Harkness and to me.

Now fades the dollar base-ball from the sight,
And all the school a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the tardy wheels his shuffling flight,
And Scripture reading their attention holds (?).

J. F. ex-'93.

TRANSLATIONS: *mugire boves*, "the cows mewed." *Curius elefantos quattuor Romam duxit*, "he led four curious elephants to Rome."

WE LEARN from the columns of the *Journal* that "the Register has a large circulation for a paper of its class and is very popular with the Latin School boys." But there is still room for improvement.

WE DO not usually excuse delinquency in paying up subscriptions, but when it is coupled with such an explanation as this we must confess that the fault is somewhat palliated. In excusing himself for not paying up promptly a certain young man wrote one of the editors the following note:

"I have decided to pay my creditors in alphabetical order. Your name begins with 'D.' About Christmas I shall liquidate my debt to you. You should be grateful it is not 'S.' If it were, you would be paid soon after graduating from Harvard. If it were 'W' the case would be hopeless."

Let us be charitable and add that this young gentleman no longer has to receive any duns.

MACKIE, ex-'91, and Waters, '90, will probably be on the 'Varsity foot ball eleven.

H. F. ODELL, whom most of us remember as conductor of the now defunct Latin School Orchestral Club, is conducting the Male Chorus of the Y. M. C. A.

L. R. LEWIS, B. L. S. '83, Tufts '87, Harvard (A. M.) '89, has been appointed Instructor in French at Tufts College. Mr. Lewis has just returned from three years' study in Europe.

NEAL, Butler, and McMann, all ex-'93, have entered Harvard this fall. All entered with one or two honors.

WE ARE glad to say that it was not a B. L. S. man, who in an essay at Harvard on "My Instruction in English" said that his tutor had taught him all the *proscribed* books of Harvard College.

D. S. MUZZEY, B. L. S. '89, Harvard '93, has been appointed Class Odist.

OUR COUNTRY'S NAVY.

WE HAVE heard considerable of late in our daily newspapers, of various naval manœuvres, participated in by the new warships, or perhaps an account of the launching or a description of some new vessel. All this shows that the citizens of this great republic are taking a renewed interest in our national marine.

Since the close of the great civil war of "61," when the wooden ship of war was demonstrated to be obsolete, by that memorable combat between the plucky little "Monitor" and the iron casemated "Merrimac," what was then the leading navy in the world, year by year steadily sank into insignificance. Other nations quickly seeing the uselessness of wooden vessels had constructed their navies of iron and steel, and taking advantage of every modern improvement and invention, created navies which could have easily swept the fleets of the United States from the seas.

Meanwhile no new vessels except perhaps a few wooden ones were built by our government and the once powerful fleet of monitors was laid up at different navy yards.

But in the year 1883 a new era began in our naval history, when the construction of four modern steel war ships was authorized and carried out. Since that year each adminis-

tration has adhered to the policy of creating an efficient navy of the best modern warships and keeping it up to a high standard of effectiveness.

In this last quarter of a century a wonderful, almost magical change has taken place in the war vessel. We no longer have the huge ship-of-the-line, like those vessels which composed the fleets of the great English Admiral, Lord Nelson, with her towering masts and spars, clouds of snowy canvas, long white decks and rows of grinning cannon protruding from her triple lines of open ports. In place of this style of ship we now have the modern battle ship with armor plated sides, eighteen inches thick in many parts, and circular turrets with great thirteen inch bore, rifled cannon protruding forth, and these guns looking for all the world like huge black telescopes.

The masts of the old time battle-ship have given place to one or two military masts, with no rigging attached, and armored tops in which are mounted several machine guns.

The graceful frigates like the splendid old "Constitution," "Constellation," and "United States" which gained so many laurels for our navy in 1812, when as yet it was but in its infancy, are now superseded by the swift steel cruisers, with great coal endurance, powerful engines, and a strong battery of modern guns.

But this style of modern vessels is still a beautiful sight, gliding swiftly through the water, their yellow funnels belching forth clouds of smoke and their high white painted sides, conspicuous at a great distance.

When all our vessels now under construction, are completed and in commission, we shall have a navy to be proud of. It will not of course come near in number of vessels to the gigantic armaments of England and France, but it will be amply sufficient for our country's needs.

In all it will comprise forty-one modern war ships. The list is headed by three splendid sea-going battleships each 10,200 tons displacement, with nickle steel armor, and guns of 13 inch bore. The battle ship *Texas* of 6,300 tons displacement comes next. We then have the five coast defense vessels, *Monterey*, 4,138 tons displacement, *Puritan*, 6,060, tons dis-

placement, and the *Amphitrite*, and *Monanock* each displacing 3,990 tons. These are all powerful vessels somewhat similar in general idea to the monitor type of vessels.

The armored cruisers, *New York* and *Maine* come next. The former is propelled by twin screws, carries eighteen heavy guns in main battery and is of 8,150 tons. The latter has a lighter battery and is of but 6,648 tons displacement.

Now come the protected, and partially protected cruisers, thirteen in number, ranging in tonnage from the triple screwed *Columbia* just launched, and probably the swiftest cruiser in the world, of 7,350 tons down to the *Raleigh* of 3,183 tons displacement. In this class the *Chicago*, *Boston* and *Atlanta* are included, vessels which are historic as having formed the famous "white squadron," or "squadron of evolution," and which have so often visited our own Boston harbor.

In concluding, the three cruisers of 2,000 tons displacement must be mentioned. One of these vessels, the "Marblehead," is being built at a shipyard in South Boston.

Many a Saturday afternoon has the writer spent in watching the construction of this cruiser, and this is an especially good opportunity to see how a modern warship is built.

The list of our new vessels is ended by two double turreted monitors, one especially remarkable for its long name, the *Miantonomah*, a harbor defence ram, a practise cruiser for the naval cadets, six gunboats, and a dynamite cruiser. This last is an unique vessel. She might have been christened *Great Expectations*, so much was expected from her, but she proved, the only one we sincerely hope out of the forty-one, a complete failure, reflecting great discredit upon her illustrious name which is *Vesuvius*.

This fine navy of our United States of Amer-

ica, if kept up and added to from year to year and manned by American seamen, will always bravely uphold our country's honor upon the sea. In our trouble with a certain bellicose South American republic, the few but effective vessels we then had in commission, no doubt saved us from a war with that country, and in the past the U. S. Navy has always loyally protected our commerce upon the seas and gallantly engaged the foe.

And we may be sure that from the records of the past, and such names as those of Perry, Hull, Decatur, McDonough, Farragut and Porter in our navy's annals the U. S. Navy of the future, if sustained by the country, will uphold the honor of the old flag, on the blue waves of every ocean.

D. '94.

COLUMBUS DAY.

UPON Friday, Oct. 21, 1892, all the schools of Massachusetts and various other sections of the United States united in celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. No doubt the most general feature was the singing of the hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." One order of exercises was also extensively adopted all over the country. This order was arranged by the Youth's Companion and offered a high degree of interest, the recitations being so combined with the music as to relieve the programme of all monotony.

The school sang "America" with great spirit, and "Columbia" was rendered much better than was expected on account of the short preparation. Great praise is due to Mrs. C. J. Capen for her rendering of "The Star-spangled Banner." The program was much brightened up by this feature. As for the literary part of the exercises, it was irreproach-

able. The President's and the Governor's Proclamations were enunciated distinctly and forcibly, while the Ode and the Address were justly greeted with prolonged applause. Dr. Merrill spoke a few words which brought forcibly to the mind the chief characteristics of the great discoverer. He then introduced Dr. G. A. Gordon of the New Old South Church, who in a few pithy and humorous remarks showed that Columbus, though not a saint, was still a man like all of us, with the foibles and the virtues of his time.

We give the full program below.

1. Reading of the One Hundred Forty-fifth Psalm.

BY THE PRINCIPAL.

2. Reading of the President's Proclamation.

A. M. GILBERT.

3. Reading of the Governor's Proclamation.

M. J. CUNIFF.

4. Salutation of the National Flag.

BY THE PUPILS.

5. Singing.

6. Reading of the Address. "The Meaning of the Four Centuries."

A. H. WILDE.

7. Song of Columbus Day.

BY PUPILS AND AUDIENCE.

8. Reading of the Ode. "Columbia's Banner."

T. S. ROBINSON.

9. Star Spangled Banner.

MRS. C. J. CAPEN, Soloist.

10. Addresses.

DR. MERRILL

REV. G. A. GORDON.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE following is the English column of a circular in four languages taken from the Hotel of the Tower of London at Verona, in September, 1825 :

CIRCULATORY.

The old Inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging to Sir Theodosius Zignoni, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things of life's eases, which are favoured from every arts liable at Inn same, with all object that is concerned, conveniency of Stage Coaches, proper horses, but good forages, and coach house ; Do offer at Innkeeper the constant hope, to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, to delight of nation, round table, coffee house, moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in him all satisfaction and at Sirs, who will do the favours honouring him, a very assured kindness.

The following is the advertisement of the Hotel de Belle Vue at Pompeii.

That Hotel open since a few days, is renowned for cleanness of appartments and linen, for exactness of service, and for excellence of the true french cookery. Being situated approximity with regeneration it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which shall desire to reside alternately into this town, to visit the monuments newly found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. The establishment will avoid to the travellers, visitors of that sepult city, and to the visitors willing to draw the antiquities, a great disorder, and expensive contour of the Iron Whay. People will find equally thither a complete sortment Strange wines and of the Kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach houses, the whole with very moderate prices. Now all the applications and endeavours of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the taste and desires of their customers which will acquire without doubt to hfm into that town the reputation whom he is ambitious.

The advertisement of the Aquila d'Oro at Bolsena.

Inn of the Gold's Eagle. Noble travellers who shall pass this way, or in stage coach, or by post chaise, they shall find in this Inn, of the very well arranged rooms, stables, coach houses, and horses for making the mountain of. At length they shall be very well contented of all they shall desire.

D. '93.

THEODORE GAUTIER, CHEMIST.

At No. 14 Rue de Charité dwelt Théodore Gautier, the chemist, with his wife and child. Although the street in which they lived was in the poorer part of Paris, yet even a careless observer would notice traces of a departed gentility. Gautier's house especially retained a comfortable and prosperous appearance; the windows shone like silver, the brass knocker on the door seemed to burn like gold in the mid-day sun, and as for the cleanliness of the three stone steps, they were the envy of every woman in the street.

Trees, planted along the curb at frequent intervals, checkered the sidewalks with flecks of light and shade. In one of these houses lived Gautier. He taught chemistry in a small medical college situated on a street leading to the great avenue which, if you stopped to listen, you could hear rumbling and rolling in the distance. Every morning he would say to his daughter, "Sylphéte, look after my instruments while I am at the college and clean them well but mind you take especial care of the microscope: for you well know that of all my instruments that it is the most dear to me." And after promising her father to be careful, she would climb the stairs to his study and there spend the morning setting the room in good order. Then the microscope would be taken out of the glass case and polished until she could see her face reflected in the shining brass. And every day was like the other, each passing with no incident to break the happy monotony. In the long summer afternoons Sylphéte would sit sewing by the open window, and watching the shadows from the trees play upon the streets, and even in winter, when the trees were stripped of their foliage, she would often stop working to admire the fretwork the trees made against the then yellow sky. One day as she sat sewing as usual by the window, a whirlwind arose at one end of the street and slowly eddied up to and past her window to the other end of the street. It lasted but a minute and had died down as quickly as it had arisen, but in Sylphéte's lungs were fixed the dreaded cholera germs.

Gautier sat in his study bending over his microscope. The microscope seemed to his wearied eye, to be a confused mass of tubes and circular knobs of brass which all the time laughed and danced in the bright light. Here and there amid the maze of shapes would suddenly gleam forth a reflector, almost blinding the eye with its strong light. Gautier was about to examine some cholera bacilli, when he was aroused by continued poundings and rattlings of his doors and the shouts of "Théodore, Théodore Gautier: will you not hear me? The good doctor has told me that our poor Sylphéte has caught the cholera, and she calls for you." To Gautier, in his agony of fear for Sylphéte, it seemed as if his heart would burst through his throat to get free.

There in the microscope were the very microbes that were stealing his daughter's life away. If he could find the chemical that could decompose the bacilli, it might be given to Sylphéte and she would be saved, and what honor and happiness would not come to him? So he sent his sobbing wife away and bending eagerly over the instrument again turned the focussing screw. What had been before a circle of yellow light now began to be spotted with little black masses, and as he turned the screw more, he saw gradually appear the deadly comma-shaped bacillus. He racked his brains until he thought he should go mad in his endeavor to discover the chemical that would eat away those quivering germs. Midnight passed quickly away unnoticed, save by the cathedral chimes, and yet Gautier at his microscope had not moved. Morning was coming, and yet the secret had not been solved. As the first rays of morning were stealing into his room, he flung himself wearily back. "O Sylphéte," he murmured, "Sylphéte! Sylphéte!" He repeated her name again and again, until suddenly it flashed across his mind that a pitying God might be trying to reveal through Sylphéte's name to him the longed-for chemical that would burn away these microbes as the sun would burn a mist. "Yes," he cried, "it must be so. Some sulphate is what I want." Among his shelves a precious hour's hunting revealed but a dirty-looking parcel of iron sulphate. There was no time to get more. Gautier carefully, as if his life

depended on it, weighed out and dissolved a portion of the precious powder. After pouring it upon the bacilli, he waited an hour so full of agony that he would have lost his reason if he had not tried to divert his attention by counting the stars that shone so cold and clear above him. At last overcome by his maddened anxiety, he rushed to the microscope and threw open the slide. "They're gone!" he cried, "They're gone! The sulphate has saved your life, Sylphéte. He seized the vial that contained the rest of the chemical and started to his feet. But his limbs refused to bear him, the air was filled with the glare of brass and the reflector of the microscope blinded him; he could not see the door.

* * * *

The gray light of dawn came into the midst of the watchers around Sylphéte's bed, but her lamp of life burned down to the very end, in her waiting for her father, flickered feebly and went out. When, at last, they went to bring him to see Sylphéte before it should be too late, they found the fond father lying face down in a swoon, holding in his clenched hand the chemical that might have saved her life.

R. C. '93.

EXCHANGES.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE with pleasure the receipt of the following exchanges, in addition to those mentioned in the last issue: *The Harvard Advocate*; *The Tuftonian*; *E. H. S. Record*, Boston; *The Penn Charter Magazine*, Phila; *The Fabberwock*, Boston; *The Roxbury Enterprise*; *The Tripod*, Roxbury Latin Sch.; *The Cue*; *Our Animal Friends*, Boston; *The Normal News*, Cortland, N. Y.; *The Lod-dard Record*, Barre, Vt.; *The Académie*; *The University Cynic*; *The Institute Record*, Towando, Penn.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC.

WE SHOULD like to call attention to a few points in this report. The distinguished signers of the report—C. F. Adams, E. L. Godkin, Josiah Quincy—are of opinion that the pres-

ent preparatory instruction in English is inadequate. They wish to have more time bestowed on this subject. The way to do this, say they, is "to translate Greek or Latin and learn to write English *simultaneously*." *Collateral* instruction is the keynote of their incisive report.

For instance they look with dislike on such translations as the following, from the Iliad:

"Moreover when godlike Achilles had satisfied himself with weeping, to him from his hair came sweat and from his limbs and immediately he rose from his seat and took the old man by the hand gray beard and gray head and addressing him he spoke winged words: 'O wretched one . . . there is a heart of iron to you,' " etc., etc.

Two thirds of their voluminous report is taken up with fac-smiles of certain essays of Harvard freshmen on their "Instruction in English." In this manner they show exactly what has been done and what probably will be done in future if some radical change is not made. Some have thought that their representation of the case was too strong; but, as they say, the strength of the weakest link of a chain is the strength of the whole chain, and, though these exercises may be the worst of their kind, yet they show just what the result is of the present preparatory instruction in English.

SPORTING.

ON OCTOBER 20, the class of '93 played a tie game with '94. The game took place on the Clover field and abounded in scientific playing, friendly feeling, and gentle (?) love pats. Both sides made a touchdown in the first half, from which Clement and Horton failed in the try for goals. In the second half neither side scored and the final score was 4-4.

For '93, the backs, Clement, Sears, and Vincent excelled, while, for '94, Adams did the best work.

OCTOBER 11, Harvard '95 beat us 30 to 0. The game consisted mostly of slugging, in

which respect the Harvard men excelled. During the second half Scannell got his leg broken, although this event was purely accidental and cannot be attributed to slugging. Beale, as usual, played a strong game. Cunniff made a fine run through the centre and his tackling, as well as that of Hunt, was one of the redeeming features of the game.

WEST ROXBURY beat us, Oct. 14, by a score of 4 to 0. The game was a great improvement as far as team work went. Purman played a remarkable game and it was almost impossible to get around his end, so nearly perfect was his tackling. Hunt played left end and Morris played quarter-back, and both did very well.

SCANNELL'S leg is healing rapidly. One might suppose that, having been once a victim, he would not wish to again imperil himself. But he says that, if only he could get well soon enough, he would eagerly take part. He says that as far as he can tell this first casualty in the Interscholastic League was purely accidental.

THE tennis tournament was finished Saturday, Oct. 8, when Horton defeated Rand. The first prize was a silver loving cup and the second was a silver goblet. The result of the matches was as follows:

PRELIMINARY ROUND.

Sears beat Sprague 6-4, 6-5.
Cottle beat Clement 6-3, 6-4.

FIRST ROUND.

Cottle beat Sears 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.
Rogers beat Decrow 6-1, 6-2.
Sweetser beat Husey 6-4, 4-6, 6-3.
Horton beat Montgomery 6-0, 6-4.
Carter beat Ring 2-6, 6-2, 6-3.
Barnard beat Vincent 6-2, 5-6, 6-3.

Sise beat Belt 6-0, 6-2.
W. Edmunds beat Stoddard 6-5, 6-4.
Pierce beat Herrick 6-3, 5-6, 6-1.
Hecht beat Bail 6-3, 6-1.
Rand beat Spring 6-4, 6-2.
Logan beat Miller 6-3, 6-1.
Chipman beat J. W. Edmunds 6-4, 6-4.
Wilde beat Snow 6-5, 5-6, 6-2.
Mead beat Tilden, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.
Morey beat Adams 6-4, 6-3.

SECOND ROUND.

Cottle beat Rogers 6-2, 6-1.
Horton beat Sweetser 6-4, 6-4.
Barnard beat Carter 6-5, 1-6, 6-3.
Sise beat Edmunds 6-2, 6-1.
Hecht beat Pierce 6-3, 5-6, 8-6.
Rand beat Logan 6-4, 6-3.
Chipman beat Wilde 6-1, 6-5.
Mead beat Morey 6-2, 6-4.

THIRD ROUND.

Horton beat Cottle 6-2, 6-4.
Barnard beat Sise 1-6, 6-4, 9-7.
Rand beat Hecht 6-3, 6-4.
Chipman beat Mead 6-0, 6-1.

SEMI-FINALS.

Horton beat Barnard 6-4, 6-4.
Rand beat Chipman 5-6, 6-2, 6-2.

FINALS.

Horton beat Rand 7-5, 6-1, 6-3.

Horton and Rand may be justly proud of their prizes for they were well won and are very handsome.

OUR team "lined up" against the Tufts College eleven in a practice game, September 29, and were beaten 14 to 4. Shea was not present and we had to borrow a centre-rush from our opponents. Miller made one touch-down, from which Beale failed to kick a goal. Cunniff, as half-back, played an unusually fine game.



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